

RESTORATION

Vol. III.

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No. 4.

What A Lay Apostle Thinks of A Priest

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Friend—Over a year ago, you and your fellow-seminarians began to write me, asking about the Lay Apostolate, asking me to advise you as to its needs, dreams, goals, and techniques.

Asking too, what did we in the Lay Apostolate think of priests, and what did we want from priests, for most of you understood that the LAY APOSTOLATE HAD COME TO STAY, and that you, our future priests, would have to face both its leadership and its problems.

Diffidently, I began to answer you individually. But soon there were too many of you, for the one of me . . . and so this series was born. Now it is to be published in book form . . . also at your request and that of your confreres.

You Persuaded Me

Because you persuaded me that these letters of mine are of help to you I agreed, but because this book will belong to both of us, in a manner of speaking, I beg you all, dear seminarians, to pray that it may be of help to future priests.

For a priest is a miracle of God's love to us; a man who, through His Sacrament of Ordination, becomes ANOTHER CHRIST with powers that beggar human imagination; a man who brings to us . . . God daily . . . who will lead us eventually to the Beatific Vision, the ultimate and only goal of life.

Nothing can be greater in this world of ours than a PRIEST. Nothing but God Himself.

Through this whole series, I have tried to show you that the only thing you need do for the Lay Apostolate, and in it . . . is to be just what you are going to be . . . A PRIEST. Nothing more, nothing less. But this encompasses heaven and earth; time and eternity; men and God; saints and sinners; the Communion of Saints and the Mystical Body of Christ, life and death . . . and everything in between. For:

What Is A Priest?

A priest is a lover of God.

A priest is a lover of men.

A priest is a holy man because He walks before the Face of the All Holy.

A priest understands all things.

A priest forgives all things.

A priest encompasses all things.

The heart of a priest, like Christ's, is pierced with the lance of love.

The heart of a priest is open, like Christ's, for the whole world to walk through.

The heart of a priest is a vessel of compassion.

The heart of a priest is a chalice of love.

The heart of a priest is the trusting place of human and divine love.

A priest is a man whose goal is to be another Christ.

A priest is a man who lives to serve.

A priest is a man who has crucified himself, so that he

too may be lifted up and draw all things to Christ.

A Man in Love

A priest is a man in love with God.

A priest is the gift of God to man, and of man to God.

A priest is a symbol of the Word made flesh.

A priest is the naked sword of God's justice.



PASTOR-BONUS

A priest is the hand of God's mercy.

A priest is the reflection of God's love.

He teaches God to us. He brings God to us. He represents God to us.

THAT IS WHAT YOU MUST BE. THAT IS WHAT YOU MUST BRING TO US OF THE LAY APOSTOLATE!

THAT, AND NOTHING MORE . . . AMEN.

Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

Summer is but sleeping, in the white silence, beneath the covering on the valley and hills. Roots and buds, snug and warm, keep faith, dreaming of the sun's caress in spring.

From my window, in the presbytery, I see the moon rising through the glistening trees. A sombre breeze sighs around the gables and, returning fitfully, stirs in me, I know not how, a thought of my part and place in the march of human destiny . . . Perhaps it is . . . the deep silence . . . scored by the mournful whining wind . . . I do not care . . . But the thought is there now.

What am I, and who are they, who move, in my small world amongst these lonely hills?

What Do You Care?

You, beyond the rim of encircling hills, what do you care or know of us, or we of you?

There is no need to feel alone or lonely, because around one there pulses human life . . . I can live happily if I but make the smile on others' lips my own, and move in the light enkindled in the eyes of others.

At first it was a chore to do this. Then the interest engendered spurred me on, until it became a need for me.

In any community, big or small, one has a miniature of life in a vast universe.

Is it your town, or my town, where childhood and youth have followed "the even tamer of their ways"? Then it is a hallowed place, holding a special niche in one's affection. It matters not, whether it be a big town, a small town, or just a straggling village, it is dear to you.

Makes No Difference

No amount of criticism, smug comparison, change, or progress can efface the charm that clings to certain places, things and people there. Our town is just a procession of dwellings, two abreast, straggling across a valley, on either sides of a main street. The foot of this street for three score years has gently touched the river as it flows on to the sea.

Our town then, is a stopping place on the River of Time. As such it holds in its bosom all the gamut of emotions that go to make up what is known as Life.

Main street was a stage, with all the props of any stage, where tragedy and light opera, sorrow and joy, moans and laughter, faithlessness, true love, and romance were enacted, with all the trimmings. An audience of neighbors reacted with tears or mirth, as the

(Continued on Page Four)

Nun Tells of Despair As A Slave In Russia

(The author of this article has given Restoration permission to reprint it—and has extended this permission to all other Catholic editors who might wish to publish it—to the end that millions of Catholics will unite in prayer for these suffering nuns. Pray for them . . . and for those who persecute them.)

By Charles J. O'Malley
(Reprinted from the Boston Post)

When Poland was overrun by the Russian troops, the Russians captured practically all the Polish priests and nuns and shipped them to Russia. One of these sisters got a letter through to some relatives of hers in the United States, and this letter was handed to me yesterday.

It gives an insight into the conditions which these wonderful women have to contend with. Here is the letter:

Nuns Die. Who Cares?

"What we, with about 1500 nuns, go through here is so horrible. We are treated like animals, driven to work with beatings. We are more miserable than animals for no one bothers about us. Whether we collapse and lie dead, whether a guard beats us to death, it doesn't matter to him. We stagger to our work without speaking, hearts battered and discouraged.

"First we worked on a big bridge over the Dneiper River, hard man's work. We had to drag steel girders and push them high over the broad river. Anyone who collapsed got the whip. Anyone who did not stand was trampled into the river by the guard. Whole days of hard labor, to eat a piece of sticky bread and some thin soup. Many of our nuns remain there and we envy them for being dead. Now we are working in a mine, the whole day, in stifling air. Many have already died.

"If we only had someone to give us courage, to support us a bit. We are completely deserted and isolated. No Sunday, no holiday—only the eternal, dismal working day. Hunger, beatings, a cold barrack, a hard plank bed full of filth; we ourselves covered with rags. And all the time a hunger that is never stilled. We are no longer human beings.

Pray For Them

"O, dear friend, now you know how hard our life is, how dreadful our misery. We do our best to keep our belief in God's providence and always to pray anew, 'I believe, I trust.' But it is so dark in our souls, such a profound gloom. We are so alone and deserted. No spiritual exercises to strengthen us. For two years we have had no holy communion. We are deserted and forgotten by everyone.

"Our souls cry, 'My God, my God, why have You forsaken us?' It is so difficult to have no hope, to see no star. Can you comprehend how the question then comes, 'How can God allow this? Why and how much longer?'



And then despair grips us. Can you imagine such torment. And no one helps. It is beyond our strength. But we recommend ourselves to God and trust in His providence.

"In spite of everything, we all still wear the cross on our breast. And in the midst of all our misery and abandonment we take refuge in Him to whom we want to remain loyal unto death. But pray for us. Pray, pray, pray for us.

Pray for Russians Too

"How often in former times in the convent I thought I could not bear injustice, unkindness, this or that. What we now go through day by day cannot be described, yet we believe God permits everything for the salvation of our souls—I cannot tell you everything about how we are here dishonored, degraded and trod upon. And yet we are all religious consecrated to God.

"We have given ourselves to Jesus and in spite of everything belong to Him alone. Our soul's misery—no—I cannot express it: disregarded, defenseless, handed over to greedy despotism. In nights of no sleep, in spite of all weariness—we scream—and death is waiting, and sneaks after us. Oh, friend, I do not want to burden your heart. I am telling only the smallest part.

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

NOT TO BE A SAINT . . . That is the greatest tragedy that can befall a Catholic. And yet behold our days and our times! How many of us today seek SANCTITY?

Why, we are almost ashamed to speak of it, let alone try to achieve it. Somehow, somewhere along the road of centuries, we have lost sight of our final goal, and have become busy about "many things," none of which have to deal with sanctity.

Somewhere, somehow, too . . . we have confused sanctity with drabness, suppressions, quirks, fixations, something unhealthy that does not belong to this century of science, fresh air, sun bathing, and worship of bodily beauty, comforts, and health.

Yet sanctity is so simple! Like all things pertaining to God and the things of God, it must be. For simplicity is the essence of love . . . and SANCTITY IS BUT LOVE . . . LIVED FULLY, UTTERLY, COMPLETELY.

Nor is there anything "sissified" about sanctity . . . nor gloomy. Saints can't be sad. For saints are lovers of Love, and hence full of joy, of laughter, of gaiety. There is a life of such adventures that it out-adventures all the greatest adventures of sinful men. Their lives are rooted in God . . . and anyone who makes his or her life a constant date with Christ, lives a glorious adventure that spans earth and heaven.

THAT WE MAY SERVE HIM WITHOUT FEAR . . . IN HOLINESS AND IN JUSTICE ALL OUR DAYS . . . That is SANCTITY. Saints have no fears. How could they be afraid of anyone or anything? Their hearts are rooted in His Sacred Heart. They are reflections of His infinite love. They know the quality of His mercy, and so walk in hope . . . in love . . . in faith. All things come together for them, and of all they make use, to prove that love for Him that burns in their hearts like an all-consuming fire.

We have been created to be Saints, to enjoy the Beatific Vision, which is Love, Who is God.

To enter into heaven we MUST BE SAINTS. Either NOW, or later through much suffering and pain in purgatory. Why delay? Why not start now?

Sanctity does not mean much fasting . . . much penance. It does mean MUCH LOVING. That is what we have been created for . . . TO LOVE. To love our neighbor, and through him, God.

Loving is fun . . . Loving is joy . . . Loving is peace. Loving means serving. Loving means forgetting self for others. Let us learn how to love, and all the rest will be added to us.

We need SAINTS TODAY. If St. Francis of Assisi had an atomic bomb . . . would anyone worry about it? No. Because, being a saint, he loved much . . . and where love is . . . there cannot be fear . . . nor evil. We are almost beside ourselves with fears about A-bombs . . . H-bombs . . . Communism . . . Cold and hot wars. Our heads cannot rest anywhere . . . nor our hearts . . . nor our souls. Vainly we seek answers . . . in armaments . . . in treaties . . . in tightening laws . . . knowing, even while we do all this . . . that we are shadow boxing . . . for there is nothing we can do to prevent annihilation from the weapons our own brains have invented.

Nothing . . . except sanctity.

What we need today IS SAINTS . . . Hundreds . . . thousands . . . millions of saints. Bombs . . . all kinds of bombs . . . and hates . . . all kinds of hates . . . and fears . . . all kinds of fears . . . vanish like mists before the sun . . . BEFORE SAINTS . . . BEFORE MEN AND WOMEN IN LOVE WITH GOD.

Yes . . . we need SAINTS today . . . we need understanding too . . . to realize that the greatest tragedy that can befall us . . . IS NOT TO BE SAINTS.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

A long time ago I wrote a powerful piece for the Catholic Journalist, about the need for a clear Catholic voice that would sound above the babel of the world.

After a long and mournful contemplation of Catholic literature, so-called; and a long and fruitful meditation on editors, writers — and readers, if any — I thought I had things to say.

At the same time, Catherine, my wife, delivered herself of a piece even more powerful.

Later we reprinted the two articles in our own paper, RESTORATION. The voice of our paper was feeble at the time. It did not reach more than a few hundred people. But we wanted to repeat what we had said before.

The points we raised were not much different than those brought up by other Catholic writers, except in a few specific paragraphs.



A Catholic Voice

We wanted a powerful Catholic voice raised in the world . . . one that would drown out the screams of the secular press, the cries of Murder, Rape, Divorce, Birth Control, Mercy Killings, Atom Bombs, Helium Bombs, Annihilation, Race Riots, Persecution, War.

We wanted a voice that would wake the world to Love . . . the Love of neighbor and the Love of God. If Catholics learned to love, we knew, they wouldn't be afraid of anything, even the trends of modern thought, scientific and unscientific.

If Catholics learned to practice their religion, the whole world, in a short time, would become Catholic—and there wouldn't be any murder, rape, divorce, birth control, bombs, riots, persecutions, or wars. (And nobody would be trying, piously and efficiently, to find a painless way to kill your mother. How many mercy-killings—damn the phrase!—there are in the papers today; or have you noticed?)

Well, the other Catholic writers and editors also wanted such a Catholic voice lifted in the world. We had no copyright on that idea. Nor did we claim to have.

An Interesting Voice

Where most of us differed was in the ways we thought that voice should be trained. Some of us believed that if it were loud enough it would

be heard all over the world, and would be listened to. Others maintained it didn't have to be loud, so long as it was interesting. When it had nothing of interest to say, these maintained—and with good reason—it didn't matter how loud it might be, it would not be heard by many.

My main contention, and Catherine's, was that the Catholic voice should always have something interesting to say — and how could it fail in this, if it were a real Catholic voice?

In other words, I tried to make clear, there was no possible excuse for a Catholic newspaper, pamphlet, magazine, or book, that was dull, sloppy, trite, ill-informed, spiteful, angry, preachy, or badly written.

I did my best, too, to make it evident that Catholic writers must be writers; that writers must write for a living; that no writer could live very long on what he could earn from Catholic editors — no blame to the editors, mind you —; and that if you weren't really a writer, you were not a Catholic writer, even though you were a Catholic and a saint.

"Lift" — To Steal

I went a little out of my way, I admit, to show some of the things a Catholic writer is "up against." Besides the low pay for your article, there is the possibility, I said, that many editors will "lift" your stuff without even asking your permission, and will run it verbatim, with your name over it.

Then too, they may leave your name off; or may put somebody else's name over it. Of course there is also the possibility that somebody will rewrite your article, chop it to pieces, or garble it so that you wouldn't want to claim it—then use it as an original contribution to his magazine, newspaper, or "anthology."

All of this, of course, does not do the Catholic voice any good.

So what? You ask. What am I leading up to now, what's my gripe, why all these peevish paragraphs?

You haven't guessed? But of course you have!

An editor stole that article of mine, and, without a please, or by your leave, or a kiss my foot, put it, with Catherine's, into a book. We are, of course, only two of many writers, who have "contributed" to the said book. Our names are used, but there is no mention of RESTORATION, from which the articles were taken.

And What Was Cut?

And — here's something you're waiting to hear—what I wrote about Catholic editors lifting a writer's stuff was cut out of the piece as reprinted in the book.

We received no pay for our articles, naturally, and do not expect any. We would gladly have allowed the editor and compiler of the book to use the Restoration pieces. He was always welcome to them. But why didn't he mention RESTORATION? And why does he try to make the reader believe these articles were written especially for his book?

The book sells for \$2 a copy, by the way.

Things like this do not happen in the world of the secular, or material press. This press is governed by the

The B's Corner

Nuns are wonderful people. Full of fun, holy joy, and gay laughter. Full of common-sense too, and holiness. Why is it then that whenever I come in contact with them enmass, I feel shy and somewhat frightened and tongue-tied? That, of course, is bad for a lecturer.

The more so that I have a terrible yen to complete my trilogy of books—DEAR BISHOP, DEAR SEMINARIAN (perhaps meant to be DEAR FATHER), by writing the last one for Nuns, under the title of DEAR SISTER. Yes, the yen is there . . . but it is courage that I lack thus far . . . hence I content myself to talking to the good Sisters, at their specific requests.

On my recent lecture tour I had several such talks "To Nuns Alone." It is of one of these talks I want to write, as it dealt with a mystery. The mystery is this—"WHY DO NOT THE GRADUATES OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES SET THE WORLD ON FIRE?"

Where Is The Fire?

Once upon a time I had at my finger tips the number of such graduates per any given year of our century. I have forgotten, now, the statistical data . . . nor do they matter too much, for we know that thousands graduate from Catholic High Schools and Colleges every year all over the North American Continent.

YET HOW MANY HAVE, OR WILL, SET THE WORLD ON FIRE WITH LOVE OF GOD? HOW MANY WILL HELP TO RESTORE THIS TRAGIC WORLD TO CHRIST?

It is assuredly hard to generalize. Deep is the conviction in my heart that many of these graduates are on the road to sanctity . . . either in the religious life that they embrace, or the priestly one they enter, or even in the mass of the laity to which they belong . . . and who can measure the depth, the height, the power of such lives and such sanctity? But, by and large, the effect of so many people who must have received KNOWLEDGE OF GOD, AND THEREFORE SHOULD BE ON FIRE WITH LOVE OF HIM, is not felt. At least I have not felt it. Have you?

Knowledge And Love

Knowledge of God! That is supposed to be the reason why Catholic youth IS going to Catholic Schools and Colleges. That knowledge is supposed to lead to the love of God, and to the fruits thereof, which are—SACRIFICE AND SERVICE. For Faith without works is dead. So say the Scriptures.

Knowledge is definitely a part of Catholic Scholastic training at all levels, from Grade School to the Ph.D. Why then does it seem to be sterile of both love and its fruits?

Why does it seem that no sooner is a Catholic youth through with his Catholic education than he clothes himself in the camouflage of the world, falls prey to its secularism, and becomes a SUNDAY ONLY Catholic? Why does he not permit the religion he has been taught to know—and to love — to permeate his private daily life, his business life . . . HIS WHOLE LIFE IN GENERAL?

There is a gap between the academic knowledge of the

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COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Though I have been away from Combermere more than six weeks, I would like to continue the outlines of the structure, and the way of life, of Friendship House, begun in the last issue. For, in my last lecture tour I learned that interest in the Lay Apostolate, and in our particular form of its, is growing.

Moreover, this year has been a most blessed one for Friendship House, for at our annual Inter-house Convention, which took place in Chicago recently, we finally adopted a Constitution that has been almost twenty years a-growing, thus laying, we hope, a strong and lasting foundation for our future.

Generally speaking, the Friendship House movement, physically, is composed of "HOUSES," located in various Dioceses of the U.S.A. and Canada. A house is opened, started, or begun in a given Diocese, only by the invitation of its head or Ordinary, who also appoints, officially, a moderator, or chaplain, to supervise the workings, and the way of life, of the group that mans the House.

Ask For A Censor

Should a group of Houses, or even one of them wish to publish a newspaper, write pamphlets, or in any way engage in the writing apostolate, they ask the Ordinary for additional priestly help in the person of a CENSOR. For it must never be forgotten that a true Lay Apostolate is such only if and when those engaged in it . . . PARTICIPATE OFFICIALLY IN THE APOSTOLATE OF THE HIERARCHY.

Each "House" is financially independent of the others, raising its own funds and dispensing them according to its needs. At the head of each House is a LOCAL DIRECTOR, who directs all its activities, trains its personnel—which we call Staff Workers—and is responsible to a director general, the moderator, and the Ordinary, for all things pertaining to the Apostolate.

The Local Director may have one or more ASSISTANT DIRECTORS, as the work may warrant.

Staff Workers comprise the personnel of a house. Even as the directors and their assistants, they form the inner circle of our Apostolate. They are men and women between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five (sometimes over or under, but these are exceptions) who have left their homes and businesses to devote their days to the Apostolate. They live with those whom they serve. It is a life of definite spiritual rule, and works.

Visiting Volunteers

"Visiting Volunteers" constitute the next circle of F.H. workers. They are men and women of any age, who, for any of thousands of reasons, desire to associate with us, for a week to three months, and live our lives, taking part in our works.

Volunteers come next. They too are people of all ages, walks of life, nationalities, and even creeds, who live in the same city, village, town, or hamlet where a Friendship House is located and generously offer their services on a part time basis, while staying at home and

engaging in their various businesses, trades, or professions.

There are today TWO PROVINCES OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE. One in the United States, the other in Canada. In the U.S.A. there are at present five houses, each having the structure just outlined above, and all of them under the direction of a Director General. The Director General is both a symbol of unity, and a director with specific powers. It is his duty to see that each house preserves the spirit and techniques common to all, and to settle such differences as may arise between houses as well as see

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

verities, the dogmas of our Faith, and ITS INTERGRATION, ITS COMPLETE INTERGRATION, INTO THE EVERYDAY STREAM OF THE LIFE OF A CATHOLIC?

Charity — But!

This extends even into such high regions as seminaries. I remember speaking to a group of seminarians, on the last lap of their glorious journey toward the holy priesthood, in the final years of their theological studies. After the lecture, as is usual, there was a Forum period, questions and answers. I was amazed at the depths of "knowledge" these saintly youths exhibited! With grace and ease they discoursed on CARITAS. The sublime doctrines of

joyously, and to clean my desk efficiently. THEN . . . ONLY THEN, WOULD I BE READY TO RESUME OUR TALKS ON CHARITY . . . WHOSE OTHER NAME IS LOVE . . . OR GOD.

It is of this gap between the academic and the real that I speak . . . this seeming void between KNOWLEDGE ACQUIRED BY CATHOLIC YOUTH IN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND THE INTEGRATED KNOWLEDGE THAT LEADS TO A FIRE OF LOVE FOR GOD . . . WHICH IN TURN TRANSLATES ITSELF INTO SACRIFICE AND SERVICE TO GOD THROUGH NEIGHBOR!

WHAT ARE THE REASONS FOR THIS GAP . . . THIS VOID . . . THIS UN-SPANNED PRECIPICE?



to the foundations of new ones.

Canada, as yet, is the "baby Province" with only the House in Combermere. But we hope to grow soon too.

Unity of Spirit

Common to all houses is the training program for its members, for the true strength of the Apostolate rests on that unity of spirit and training.

Anyone applying to become a Staff Worker of Friendship House must submit a letter from his confessor, which is checked and double checked with him, by the directorate, a health certificate, and, of course, a baptismal certificate, since only Catholics are eligible for the Inner Circle.

Once accepted, the person begins a six months probation period. During this time, the spirit, way of life, constitution, and the works of F.H., as well as its history and traditions, are fully explained. At the end of this period, and after a short retreat, the applicant is accepted (if proven worthy), and becomes a Staff Worker, with all the duties, responsibilities, and prerogatives thereof.

Two Years More

In the U.S.A., Friendship House is dedicated to the works of Interracial Justice as it specifically applies to the Negroes of that country.

In Canada, it is working now, in the Rural Apostolate, and stands ready to accept works in the cities, on the fronts of Labor, and the restoration of the Family and Youth to Christ.

Such then is the structure, goal, and techniques, in brief, of the Apostolate of Friendship House. I hope it has helped you, dear friends, who are so interested in it, to get a clearer picture.

the Mystical Body of Christ, seemingly did not hold any mysteries to them. Their Latin was as fluent as their English. So taken was I with all this, that I hated the bell that interrupted this holy discourse.

The Rector was a charitable soul. He permitted this select group to come to Friendship House the next Saturday to finish the subject at hand. And so, led by a young priest, they arrived, to charm myself, and our group, with their profound learning.

Our conversation was interrupted suddenly by the arrival of a very drunken Negro, who not only vomited all over my desk, but promptly proceeded to fall down in front of it and "pass-out" completely. Then a strange thing happened. The seminarians who had spoken so learnedly and well of the great CARITAS OF GOD . . . of the sublime DOCTRINES OF THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST . . . and of the immortal words . . . "WHATSOEVER YE DO TO ONE OF MY BRETHREN YE DO TO ME." These seminarians, I say, rushed to the phone, or into the street, all in search of a COP . . . a POLICEMAN . . . wanting to remove the drunken Negro from the premises so, that, I guess, we could peacefully resume our holy discourse!

But Charity!

But, somehow, somewhere along the line, I got a wee bit angry! Stopping the search for the law, I bade them all to look, with the eyes of faith, ON THE PROSTRATE NEGRO . . . AND TO SEE IN HIM . . . CHRIST THE LORD . . . ABOUT WHOM THEY HAD BEEN TALKING SO WELL JUST A FEW MINUTES BEFORE!

I told them too, to lift the Negro gently, to place him on a couch reverently, to wash his hands and face

Tony and Martin

By Anthony Constable

Many of my friends were being sent North out of the camp at Edmonton; but I was retained, and put to work at the Officers' Club. Help was scarce, and it was sometimes hard for me to get to Mass.

For sometime I had been thinking of joining a Third Order. After Easter I began to fret at the thought of missing Communion on the next First Friday. I thought of asking for a few hours off, but this was our busiest time. So I promised Blessed Martin de Porres that I'd join a Third Order immediately, if he'd fix things for me.

That week more boys came to work at the club, and it was evident I would not miss the First Friday. On Sunday I had most of the day off. After assisting at Mass I went to the churches I had previously visited, and added a new one to my list when I crossed over the high bridge that spans the winding Saskatchewan, and discovered the church of St. Anthony of Padua.

Dominic or Francis?

Evening found me at the Cathedral. After Benediction, I was determined, I would see a priest. But which Third Order was to be mine? That of St. Francis, or that of his friend St. Dominic? St. Anthony, my patron, was a Franciscan. Blessed Martin, my good friend, was a Dominican.

I asked Martin for a sign, and as I did so, saw a pamphlet lying on the pew in front of me. I picked it up. It told me: "How to join the Third Order of St. Francis."

A priest told me to go to the Franciscan church in North Edmonton. "Take the blue car," he said, "and ride to the end of the line." I

TELLS OF DESPAIR

(Continued from Page One)

"May the Heavenly Father in His mercy look down upon us poor, repudiated, flayed sisters, who in spite of everything believe in Him, love Him, and for His sake persevere in this endless dying. 'Now I have made you sad, dear friend; I ask only one thing; pray for us that we may endure all suffering in union with Jesus' suffering and death. Pray for us. Auf Wiedersehen in heaven.'"

saw a lot of spires at the end of the line. I headed for one. It proved to be that atop the church of St. Francis of Assisi!

I had at last taken a step in fulfilling a dream of my youth.

On the afternoon on Sunday, May 9th, I attended my first Third Order meeting, and found it beneficial, both spiritually and otherwise. Ever since Clara had gone to her rest, I had remained more or less aloof from social gatherings. But I enjoyed being among this little group. I had always borne a warm spot in my heart for Canadians, especially so since I had met Father Charles Coughlin of the Shrine of the Little Flower, who was born in Canada, though he is an American.

Story of a Priest

In the monastery garden of this church, some days later, I heard a story that touched me profoundly, the life story of the priest who had brought me into the Franciscan family.

He was born in England, he said. His parents were Protestants. His mother was "very anti-Catholic."

"She would tell me weird stories about Catholics," he said. "And when I became chummy with a Catholic boy it terrified her. She told me that Papists had mysterious powers, and could turn people into snakes by making a certain sign."

"Once, while we were at play, I saw my friend make this sign. I ran like a rabbit, fearful of turning into a snake. But the boy caught me, and explained he had merely blessed himself."

He is Ordained

"When I grew older I studied the religion secretly, and decided to become a priest. From then on my mother would have nothing to do with me — until the good Lord stepped in. I went to see her once, after I was ordained. She told me to go away. She never wanted to see me again."

Some years later, however, the priest was sent to England on a mission. He went to see his mother again. She was going blind. She thought it was a punishment for telling him she never wanted to see him again.

"This meeting was vastly different from our last," the priest said. "Eventually mother did lose her worldly vision; but she found eternal light and perfect happiness. And with her conversion all our near relatives embraced the true faith—all but one, and for this intention I ask your prayers."

I glanced at Father. He was crying. And, who knows, maybe I was too.

Josefa

By Catherine Doherty

I met Josefa in Providence, R.I. Which is strange, because Josefa never crossed the ocean, and probably never knew there was such a town in the U.S.A. Nevertheless she is here, and what is more she is everywhere . . . because her life was spent in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. That makes her a citizen of earth, and heaven, and all that is in between.

Josefa Menendez . . . was a Lay Sister in the Congregation of the Religious of the Sacred Heart . . . daughters of St. Sophie Barat. She wasn't a nun for very long. Few knew her intimately. She swept, cooked, sewed, went about her other work like a shadow, unheralded, unnoticed.

Hit By A Nun

Yet when I met Josefa, in Providence . . . she bowled me over. She knocked me down . . . and left me there . . . I am still trying to gather myself and my wits, to try and listen to Josefa again. But everytime she speaks to me . . . I feel my heart beating faster . . . my mind reeling under the impact of her words . . . my soul almost standing still in awe and wonder.

For this humble nun speaks the words of God. Yes, literally, she reports God's words to her . . . told by Him to her . . . so that she might retell them to the world. You too can meet JOSEFA . . . in a book called THE WAY OF DIVINE LOVE published by the NEWMAN PRESS, WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.

It is the most stupendous book I have read in a long time. It speaks of the love and the mercy of God . . . and the words are CHRIST'S OWN. They open before us a vista, an abyss of such love . . . that one gets lost in it . . . as in a sea. It encompasses you. It swallows you. It surrounds you . . . until you begin dimly to understand that CHRIST once more has come to speak to the world, through a little humble nun of HIS SACRED HEART, and to speak OF THE LOVE OF THAT HEART . . . FOR MEN . . . FOR YOU AND ME.

Begs For A Crumb

Once more the DIVINE BEGGAR stands at the crossroads of our tragic world beset with many fears . . . and begs for a crumb of our love. Think of this . . . THE LORD OF CREATION . . . A BEGGAR OF OUR NIGGARDLY LOVE.

Incomprehensible . . . unfathomable mystery! . . . yet true . . . for it is all there . . . written on the pages of an ordinary book . . . with a hard cover . . . that you and I can hold in our sinful hands . . . and read . . . and reading comprehend . . . and com-

prehending . . . be plunged in that cleansing fire of His love . . . to emerge weak . . . panting . . . yet on fire with hope . . . on fire with love.

Somehow Josefa, is part of the immense pattern that slowly, almost unnoticed, is unfolding itself before our eyes. OH LORD THAT I MAY SEE! It goes with the apparitions at Fatima. It is part and parcel of that stupendous document given to us by the Pope, and called "The Encyclical Letter on the MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST." It is a part too, of the renewed Apostolate of the Laity, which is sweeping the world with its cleansing fire.

Open Your Ears

God is calling us . . . calling us . . . to quench His thirst once more. The whisper that came so haltingly, so pitifully from the MAN ON THE CROSS . . . SITIO . . . I THIRST . . . has become a symphony of sounds. It fills the earth with its glory . . . and its song . . . I THIRST FOR SOULS . . . I THIRST FOR YOUR LOVE.

Listen to that song of love. Sung by Christ the Lord to a lay nun of His Sacred Heart. And listening . . . fall on your face . . . and weep . . . that you . . . and I have passed love by.

Then arise . . . and hurriedly retrace your steps. Give THE DIVINE BEGGAR AT THE CROSS ROADS OF OUR DAYS . . . YOUR HEART . . . YOUR LOVE . . . YOURSELF.

Yes . . . be sure to meet Josefa. Wherever you are, don't fail. Because she will bring you Christ's message. She will do more. SHE WILL BRING YOU CHRIST.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

copyright laws, the Seventh Commandment — "Thou Shalt Not Steal" — and the knowledge that writers can sue, and collect respectable sums by proving plagiarism.

An Old Grouch

Maybe that is why its voice is so original, so interesting, so powerful. And maybe that is why the Catholic voice sometimes utters only a strangled beep when it should cry out with clarity and force.

I'm not sore because neither Catherine nor I was paid for something we wrote. We've both contributed to Catholic periodicals "for free," not once but many times. And many people write for us, also "for free."

It isn't a matter of money. It is a question of courtesy, ethics, good manners. Then again maybe it's just temperament on my part. I'm an old grouch. Let it go at that.

AMONG THE LONELY

(Continued from Page One)

footlights glowed in neighborly concern, with the passing event.

Door Without a Key

Here was a cottage small, by a water-fall, and roses blooming around an old door without a key. There was a lovers' lane and an old mill-stream and the plighting of troths, as the carvings on the trunks of weather-beaten trees attest.

The bare-foot boy with cheek of tan often whistled merrily as he came up from the trout stream, the deep cool swimming hole, or appeared on the street with his lips well kissed with strawberries from the meadow.

Here people toiled and failed while others succeeded. Here some loved and lost and found it better than never to have loved at all. Others made a choice and found peace ever after.

As each person's scene of life ended, the Churchyard on the river bank enfolded the earthly remains in its bosom to guard in peaceful slumber forevermore.

Our Old Hamlet

Today, a modern highway spans the valley, where once the Opeongo Trail wound circuitously and paused at our old hamlet. The march of time has obliterated the landmarks that told, in mute eloquence, the story of a century and a quarter, since the white man came trudging over the windswept hill and heavily wooded valley; or plying the paddle against the current of swift-flowing rivers, to trade with the Indians, fell the giant pines, and administer to the spiritual needs of a scattered people.

Hydro developments have effectively blotted out the traces of a distant past that is both soul-stirring and memorable.

The blue water of picturesque Bark Lake (one traversed by generations of redmen, missionaries, lumbermen, and settlers) has been raised to such a level, that the old Hudson Bay Post, the camp-sites and shore-line trails now lie beneath the flood. The lake which used to be eight miles away has crept up to the foot of our main street.

The river bank near the village, long ago used to be the burial ground for nomad Indians, or hapless river-drivers who had been overcome by the angry water of the Madawaska. The graves, row on row, used to bear silent testimony, to the perilous life of trapper, guide or lumberjack.

These monuments are now submerged and only the swells on a man-made lake, chant a requiem for a stout-hearted race, almost extinct.

Shelter for Eternity

By A. MacKinnon

An old tradition has a story about a man who stood outside his tent one night to get the weather forecast. His brow furrowed in displeasure as he watched thick clouds of dust roll and unroll in the distance. The dry bitter wind bit deeper into the desert sand at every moment, as it augured the forthcoming storm.

Yet even as his eyes were glued on the storm signals that nature had raised to warn all travellers, the man saw black figures appearing over the distant dune. He wondered who could be coming this way. This particular route was seldom traversed except by merchant caravans and by fleeing criminals.

Look Who's Here

In a few minutes the figures became distinct. There was a man who hauled along some old dusty baggage, and a young woman carrying a small baby. "They are in for some extra helpings of fresh air tonight," he thought, "unless they have a tent. These winter nights show no mercy to indigent travellers." As he saw them turning towards his place he said to himself: "I hope they don't think I have rooms to rent."

The man left his young wife and child at a little distance and approached the tent. He was a husky man with a strong serene face. Surely not one of the ordinary run of nomads that one sees making frequent trips across the desert trails.

"Pardon me," he said. "Could you tell me how far it is to the next village? We are strangers and we are quite unfamiliar with this part of the country."

Most Unfamiliar

The other man looked at him in silence for a moment and then let a glance fall in the direction of the young mother and her tiny child.

"I'm afraid you are most unfamiliar with this part of the country," he said gruffly. "It is over a day's journey from here to the next place of shelter."

"A whole day's journey?" the other exclaimed in dismay. "What are we going to do! We have no tent. Our food is all gone and we have a very young baby with us."

Again the big gruff man was silent. He was battling within himself. Certainly he did not want these poor unfortunates in his tent. Not even for one stormy night. Men of his profession never trusted strangers. And yet the last tiny spark of charity deep down within him flickered for a moment.

And it seemed to cry out. "Let them stay. How could you turn a young mother and a small infant out into

such a cold stormy night? And who knows? Perhaps the day will come when they will be able to do a good turn for you."

Finally charity triumphed. "You may stay here for tonight. There is room for all of us, and I will be able also to spare a little food."

Thus the three poor travellers came to accept the meagre hospitality of this shaggy, mysterious man of the desert.

That Baby Boy!

After the desert-weary man and woman had fallen asleep, the tent-owner looked at them. He was surprised to see that the baby was wide awake. It did not cry like most babies do, but looked straight at him. He felt suddenly disturbed. He had never seen a child like this one before. As he drifted off to sleep he thought that he could feel the gaze of those unforgettable eyes still fixed upon him.

Many years passed. The man who had sheltered the strangers on that stormy desert night drifted along a dangerous, dissolute road. He became a robber.

But like most of his kind, he was brought to justice at a time when he had the least suspicion of being captured. And the relentless judges told him in cold, measured, legal terms, that the punishment for his crimes was death. Death by crucifixion.

As he hung from the cross on which he was paying the price of his renegade years, this hapless pirate of the desert cast a glimpse at the criminal on his left who seemed to be drawing more than his share of the chorus of jeers from the spectators.

The Boy Grown Up

No! It couldn't be! Not here on a criminal's cross beside him!

But he knew that it was the truth. He remembered those eyes, and the look in them. That battered face, besmirched with blood and spittle, was not the face of the infant whom he sheltered from the desert storm. But the eyes were.

Even though he had not seen those eyes in more than thirty years, he could never forget them.

Out of his parched soul, words of prayer came to him, words strange to lips that had not moved in prayer since childhood.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

Above the taunts of an angry, sultry mob, the robber heard the reply—"Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in paradise."

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